

HOW MANY WRONGS MAKE IT RIGHT?

"It's not what I ordered.

Take it back!"

'Yes, it is,' I think. I know.

The other people

at the table

look for lint.

"I tell you

I didn't order the fuckin'
thing."

I remove the plate

for they may be

paying and tipping.

Bowing, deeply, I offer,

"My apologies."

OH, THAT'S WHAT IT IS

The poetry of the WORLD

is written in hardwood bars &

neon honky-tonks, greasy diners

smelly pizza joints, dusty laundromats

line-ups and empty

rooms, on your lover's

coffee table and

in rented houses with kids

screaming for breakfast

lunch and dinner, yet

it

happens

in bold, beautiful

colors and lines

and Damn-It-All if

the twenty-five or

so of us reading this

shit don't appreciate

it.

IT REMINDED ME

when, sitting on a patio deck chair,

a wasp landed on my toe and started

moving his legs over his behind a lot

and I got nervous and was going to

swat him dead when I

hesitated

and he finished his movement and

flew off:

this guy coming from the

washroom at the restaurant the

other day grabbed his chest
and died.
I guess, somewhere,
a decision
was made.

PARSONS' DICTIONARY

about as heavy
as a rainbow trout, when held
by the gills.

— Jeff Parsons

Whiterock, B.C., Canada

ROBERT FROST

"I can't stand that pompous bastard I saw
him on television saying how he
couldn't understand how anybody could
live in a place like Levittown with its
identical boxes for houses and
how he had an architect design his
farmhouse in Vermont that really gets my
balls I'd like to see him hire an architect
on a janitor's salary I can barely
make the mortgage on this box doesn't
he think we'd all be living in beautiful
houses with acres of land if we could
afford it? And I bet he thinks he writes
for the working man I don't know how people
fall for crap like that he oughta get a
job with me that would stop him from writing
cute poems about snow and fences who
does he think it is that plows that shit
off the streets? Me — that's who and I can't
even afford a fence to keep those damn
brats from next door out of my front yard
I'm sick of those poet-sons-of-bitches
get me another beer," my father said.

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

"It is difficult to read the poetry
without remembering the man: and
the man was humourless and pedantic,"
said T.S. Eliot of Shelley.